

Life-Lessons From a 20-Something Spanked Female:
Ainsley Throws her Headset
By Ainsley and Yu May

[Note: Ainsley shares her stories and experiences on Quora. The following story is a narrative retelling of one of her journals, written as a collaboration between Ainsley and Yu May. It is semi-fictionalized, but takes inspiration from Ainsley's account of her experience. If you would like to support Ainsley, please consider sending her a tip through her PayPal. Her username on PayPal is @AinsleyQ.]

Ainsley sat on the couch in the basement, playing a game of *Marvel Rivals*. The gaming room was a bit messy, but after applying for two jobs this afternoon, Ainsley needed some time to unwind. Ever since losing her last job, Ainsley had been under a lot of stress: "Max stress" in her words. Not to mention...well, one of her recent check-ins with Mom and Dad hadn't gone so well. They were getting nervous about her job hunt, and kept pestering Ainsley to do more chores around the house in the interim.

Ainsley grumbled as she adjusted the volume on her headset. "Well, shit happens..." All Ainsley needed right now was a few minutes of escape.

Mom stomped down the staircase, and marched to stand beside the TV, partially blocking Ainsley's view of the game. "Ainsley, the living room is *still* a mess, and you left more unwashed dishes in the sink."

Ainsley craned her neck to get a better view of the game. "It's just breakfast dishes. I'll get to them."

"It's 6 p.m. Ainsley. What have you been doing all day? Have you been applying to new jobs?"

Ainsley sighed. "I got two applications done."

"Just two? Ainsley, we agreed that games come after your responsibilities. Pause what you're doing, and clean."

Ainsley rolled her eyes. "It's an *online* game. I can't just pause."

Mom shook her head. "That's not the issue. Chores first."

Ainsley tapped her headset. "I'll just finish this round and come."

With a single, clean motion, Mom bent over and unplugged the TV, then stepped toward the edge of the couch with her arms crossed. "No. You're done gaming. Why didn't you clean?"

Ainsley's eyes went wide as she saw the screen flicker to black. She stood up and ripped her headphones off. "Hey! I was *going* to!"

Looking her mom right in the eyes, Ainsley threw her headset down on the couch cushion as hard as she could. She wanted to show Mom just how mad she was.

But the headset bounced off the couch cushion, and went spiraling right up towards Mom's face. Mom recoiled and shielded herself, but not in time to stop the headphones. After the headphones smacked against her mouth and lower chin, Mom scrambled to catch them, and clutched them tight in her fist, her knuckles white.

Ainsley froze. She hadn't meant to throw the headphones at Mom. She'd only wanted to throw them on the couch to make a point.

Mom took a shaky breath. "Go do the dishes, right now."

"I didn't mean to—"

Mom pointed at the stairs. "Move it!"

Ainsley hustled up the steps, wanting to put some distance between her and Mom. Ainsley went right to the kitchen sink and started to fill it with soapy water. When Mom arrived at the top of the steps, Ainsley looked over her shoulder. "I'm sorry for hitting you..."

Mom walked right past Ainsley and out the kitchen, towards the master bedroom.

Ainsley took a deep breath, and started scrubbing her breakfast dishes, before moving on to the ones from yesterday. "This is so all stupid...Over some dirty dishes."

Ainsley glanced at her phone, then put it back in her leggings pocket. She'd have to write a post about this later.

As Ainsley finished the first round of scrubbing, she reached into the warm, soapy water to finish rinsing, when she heard footsteps.

Ainsley turned, and there was Mom...carrying *both* of the spanking paddles. When Ainsley was a kid, her parents had used spanking for her older brothers, but had favored timeouts and grounding for Ainsley. That had all changed when Ainsley had turned 17-years-old, and gotten her first spanking. Her parents had decided that Ainsley's behavior had escalated to the point where grounding was no longer effective as a deterrent.

As she felt her throat go dry, Ainsley's heart sank.

After a brief time living on her own, Ainsley had struggled to afford rent, and asked to move back in with her parents. But her parents had laid down a few ground rules: Ainsley would be diligent about finding work and holding down a job, and she would respect the rules of the house and show respect to her parents at all times. But as long as she lived under their roof, Ainsley would continue to be subject to parental discipline.

Ainsley's eyes went wide as she recognized the bamboo paddle, Mom's favored tool for corporal punishment. At least, Ainsley thought it was bamboo. That was what Mommy had said when she first used it on her. It was narrow and thin, but could easily leave blisters.

The second paddle was shorter and smaller, but just as nasty in its own way, especially in Dad's hands. It was oval-shaped and made of dense, varnished, chestnut-colored wood, heavy enough to leave angry-red marks, even bruises. Mom held them both up in one hand. "I'm correcting that little temper tantrum, right now."

Ainsley pulled her hands out of the sink, still dripping wet, and held them up in a gesture of surrender. Mom snatched Ainsley by the wrist with her free hand and dragged her along toward the sofa in the living room, the customary spot for administering Ainsley's spankings, and set down the wooden paddle on the side table. Ainsley tugged against her Mom's grip, to no avail. Ainsley had always been short and slender, and Mom had a good 20 pounds of muscle on her. Even at age 23, there was nothing Ainsley could do to resist a spanking from Mommy, let alone from Daddy.

As Mom sat down on the sofa, she tugged Ainsley's leggings down below her bottom, revealing Ainsley's thong, before Ainsley grabbed the waistband with both hands to pull them back up. "No! It was an accident!"

Mom smacked the back of Ainsley's hand with the bamboo paddle, leaving a rectangular red mark. "Hands *out* of the way."

Ainsley squealed and partially released her grip on her leggings, sending droplets of soapy water flying as she shook her smarting hand. With only one hand, Ainsley quickly lost the tug of war contest with Mom over her leggings.

Before she knew it, Ainsley's leggings were tugged around her knees and Ainsley herself was tugged across Mom's knees. "I'm sorry, Mom! I didn't mean to hit you!"

Ainsley felt Mom's leg moving underneath her as Mom prepared to pin Ainsley's legs in a scissor hold. Ever since that one time Ashley had kicked, bucked, and reared off of Dad's lap during a spanking, Mom and Dad had used leg-locks ever since. As Ainsley's legs were pinned, her bottom was thrust upward as she was bent taut over Mom's left thigh. Ainsley's face was close to the carpet, resting her hands and elbows on the floor, while her legs were supported by the sofa. Ainsley felt a tug, and looked over her shoulder to see Mom yanking Ainsley's leggings off her feet.

Ainsley twisted her hips as she felt Mom reach for the waistband of her thong, then strained her legs, reflexively trying to make it harder for her thong to be pulled down to her knees. "No! Not on the bare!"

Mom scoffed. Ainsley's bottom was already bare, but she was still fighting to keep her underpants, every inch along the way. "Oh, yes, on the bare. This is happening, Ainsley."

Mom yanked the thong down to Ainsley's thighs with one rough tug, then switched her grip to pull them all the way to Ainsley's ankles. Ainsley felt her thong tickle the backs of her knees, and kicked her feet against the sofa cushion, only to feel her thong stretching against her ankles. Satisfied, Mom settled her weight down, with Ainsley's legs pinned securely in place, and Ainsley's bare bottom propped up high. Mom retrieved the bamboo paddle and patted Ainsley's upturned backside experimentally. At this angle, Mom would be able to deliver firm swats to Ainsley's lower bottom and sitspots, Mom's preferred target.

As Ainsley heard the words, "This is happening," echo over her, she felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. "I'm sorry, Mom! I'm sorry!"

Mom began the spanking at a furiously fast pace. Before Ainsley had time to fully process the impact of the first smack, she heard another series of lightning quick slapping sounds. Ainsley felt her mouth moving, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Then Ainsley felt the rising burn from the first set of spanks start to accumulate. After Mom landed an especially firm swat, Ainsley howled. Every stroke felt like the bamboo paddle was ripping across Ainsley's bare skin in a sharp tugging motion.

Then Mom changed the rhythm of the spanking, slowing down the pace slightly, but without lightening the force of the strokes. This gave Ainsley more time to feel the individual smacks. For the next minute or two, Ainsley could only shout variations on "Oh!" "Ow!" and "Ouch!" After two full minutes at this pace, Ainsley became keenly aware that not only was her ass already on fire, Mom wasn't showing any signs of letting up any time soon. Ainsley scrambled to lift herself up, but at this angle, gravity was forcing her head down. All she could manage was to reach a hand up to the sofa cushion behind her. "Enough! That's enough!"

Mom tugged Ainsley's hand away before she could shield her bottom, set Ainsley's hand down on the ground in front of her, and resecured her grip. "I decide when it's enough."

"Oh, Gosh! I'm sorry, I'm so—"

Ainsley tensed as she felt the paddle rip across both her sit spots. Then Mom began the spanking all over again, this time at a controlled, medium pace. When Mom added some swats to Ainsley's upper thighs, Ainsley felt the fresh sting like needles, in contrast to the fire in her flame-broiled fanny.

Ainsley screamed various apologies, her voice becoming more pitched. But for any proper spanking, there comes a point when the reality sinks in. Tears spilled down Ainsley's eyes, and her breath grew shaky. "Mom! ...Yeow! Ooooo, oh, Mommy! Mommy, please!"

Somewhere, a door opened, and Ainsley could dimly make out Dad's voice behind her. Ainsley looked up. She was facing away from the front door. "Daddy! Please, Daddy!"

Mom carried on paddling, now methodically covering every square inch from the center of Ainsley's bottom to the center of her thighs. Dad said something like, "What'd she do this time?" and Mom replied with something like, "Your daughter threw another tantrum."

But Ainsley could barely register the words. Ahead of her, she saw the glass double doors that lead outside. It was a beautiful spring day.

Mom lifted her knee to angle Ainsley's hindquarters up high to expose the sitspots, and landed one final full-force spank. Ainsley could feel the heat pressing against the scratchy bamboo surface. Mom tapped the paddle twice against Ainsley's bottom to signal her to stand up. "There. Now pull your pants up and get upstairs."

Whimpering, Ainsley pulled her thong back up and retrieved her leggings. There was no house rule against rubbing her bottom, but she was never tempted to try rubbing the sting away. It always hurt too much to touch it after a paddling. As she tugged her leggings back up over her swollen butt cheeks, Ainsley hissed, and finally released the waistband to let them snap back into place. Already, she felt uncomfortably warm as the heat was trapped against her seat.

Holding her hands stiffly by her sides, Ainsley marched to the staircase that led to her bedroom. Her face burned as she realized she was being sent to bed early, like a naughty little girl. How could her life get any more lame?

Dad put his hand on her shoulder. "Wait, Ainsley. Have a seat at the table."

As Ainsley settled into her chair, she was grateful for the soft felt on the dining room chairs, but nevertheless the raised welts on her sit spots still protested as her bottom pressed flat against the seat.

Dad's shadow hung over Ainsley as he stood tall over her. Dad looked at Mom. "Tell me what Ainsley did to get a spanking."

Mom started counting on her fingers. "She didn't clean the living room, or her dishes. When I came home, she was sitting on her ass, playing that game. First I told her to stop playing, and finish her chores, and she gave me attitude. Then I unplugged the thing, and she threw another temper tantrum."

Mom gestured to her chin, where she had placed a small circular band-aid. "She threw her controller on the couch, and it bounced up and clonked me, right on the face."

Dad looked at Ainsley. "Is that true?"

Ainsley blinked. She wanted to say it was an accident, but the simplicity of the yes or no question stumped her. Yes, it was sorta true, but what was she supposed to say? Ainsley felt her throat tighten.

Dad shook his head. "...So that means yes."

Ainsley took a deep breath, preparing for even more lecturing. Dad would tell her she did a bad thing, then they'd go over the rules of the house all over again. At least the spanking was over, not that she needed one in the first place.

Dad sighed. "Okay, I'm spanking you too. Come here."

Ainsley grabbed her chair. "No! Please! One was enough! I'm sorry!"

"March, Ainsley."

Ainsley lifted her feet and pressed back against the high seat of her chair. "No, Daddy, no—"

Dad reached to scoop her up.

After all these years, Ainsley's Dad could still carry her like a baby. One time, he'd even held her while struggling under one of his arms, before hauling her to the couch for a spanking. This time, he sort of "half-carried" Ainsley, holding her under the armpits while she walked on tiptoe toward the couch...toward her doom.

Ainsley felt fresh tears spring to her eyes. At the start of every spanking, she always tried not to cry, but she always failed.

Daddy set Ainsley down to stand in front of him, trapping her legs between his as he reached to tug down her leggings. Ainsley grabbed them tight in her fists, and held with all her might. The fabric tugged loose from her fingers as Daddy easily pulled them down to her knees.

Ainsley covered her front, terrified her thong would be next. She'd felt like such a mature woman when she'd bought this thong for herself. But according to the rules of the house, a bare bottom spanking was the best deterrent.

Only within the last month, Ainsley had tried rationally appealing to her parents to spare her the humiliation of baring. After carefully considering Ainsley's request, they had informed her that bare-bottom spankings were still on the table. If they embarrassed her enough that she wanted

them to end, that only meant they were effective as a deterrent. Mom had gone as far as to promise that every single spanking she gave Ainsley would be on her bare bottom from now on. The only small consolation was that Dad had promised to consider her request on a case-by-case basis, depending on what she did. But the fact remained that 23-year-old Ainsley had no say in whether she got to keep her panties up at any point during a spanking.

Mercifully, Daddy spared Ainsley her thong, but when she wouldn't move her hands or assume the position, he grabbed her wrists and led her forward until she stumbled across his knee. This time, Ainsley's upper torso lay on the couch, her face towards the pillows, while her legs dangled off the end of the couch, pinned firmly between Daddy's knees. Ainsley scrambled, scratching at the cushions, until Daddy grabbed her wrists and easily pinned them both behind her back.

Ainsley writhed, and felt just how securely she was pinned in place. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I don't need another one!"

Daddy reached over to retrieve the heavy wooden paddle. "Should have thought about that *before* you're over a knee."

As the first swat landed, Ainsley let out a little scream. She was more surprised than anything. "*This hurts like fuck!*" thought Ainsley.

The pace of the spanking, about one spank per second, was significantly slower than Mom's machine-gun style paddling. However, a slower spanking is still terrible in its own unique way. Ainsley had just enough time to feel the paddle make impact, and let out one yelp, or hollar, or wail, before the next blow landed. She could anticipate every spank, but not long enough to fully steel herself up, or catch her breath. After enduring the first few swats, managed to yell a few words. "Wah! W-Why do you-Aaah! Whyyyy?!?"

Another smack of the paddle against her lower-left butt cheek. "You know what this is for."

A swat across her lower-right butt cheek. "You should not have had a hissy fit."

An even heavier wallop, aimed at her left sit spot. "You agreed to the rules."

A resounding whack, aimed at her right sit spot. "This is to make sure you learn."

Ainsley could hear the begging quality in her own voice, and felt humiliated even as she desperately sought any combination of words that would end the pain. She could only manage a sentence of a word or two between each spank, and with each spank, her voice steadily grew more horse. "Please Daddy! That's enough! Please stop, Daddy! I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!"

But Dad carried on the spanking. Mom stood at the sidelines and watched. Ainsley had been crying before it even started. After a few minutes of paddling, Ainsley had melted down into incoherent, guttural sobs.

After a few moments, Ainsley finally realized the spanking itself had ended. It was hard to tell, since the steady, throbbing ache felt no different than it had throughout the paddling.

Dad set down the paddle, and patted Ainsley's back. "Stand up. You're going to sit at the table until 10 pm."

He helped stand her up, and pointed her toward the dining room. Ainsley rushed to pull her leggings back up, and power walked right to her chair.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket as she lowered herself uncomfortably down on her chair, sensing that the fire in her ass would rekindle the moment she sat down fully. Dad confiscated her phone. "No screens, no phone, no games. You sit your butt down, and think about what you did."

Ainsley's face burned as she flopped down onto the chair. She grimaced as her sit spots stretched against the seat cushion, then finally laid her head down on the table and cried softly. After a spanking, Ainsley was always physically exhausted, especially since she tended to squirm and kick from start to finish. For a few moments, she thought she might have nodded off, until the sound of the clock woke her up, and she sat up, wincing. She tried rocking back and forth on her seat to make things better, and it made things worse.

Ainsley glanced at the clock. It wasn't even 8 pm. Mommy and Daddy had put her in a stupid time out, for 3 fucking hours. "Quiet time," they called it.

As Ainsley shifted in her chair, the numb soreness returned with a vengeance, and she tucked her legs against her chest, trying to rest some of her weight on her feet and the far side of her hip.

Ainsley looked around, desperate to find anything to take her mind off her fire-hydrant red caboose. Across from the dining room, she could see her parent's game room. It was mostly old people shit: a pool table, one of those old popcorn makers, some bookshelves. Behind her and to her left was the kitchen, where she had nearly finished doing those stupid dishes before the spanking started. Maybe tomorrow, she'd get spanked again for not finishing them. Wouldn't that be typical?

Tomorrow morning's check-in was going to suck. Every time Ainsley screwed up, and especially when she got spanked, Mom and Dad would review the house rules, and discuss her behavior. Sometimes she got a chance to talk. Sometimes she even felt heard and empowered. But the fact remained that it always made her feel like a child. Every day, at check in, it reminded her that, even at 23 years old, she was still subject to Mommy and Daddy's authority.

Ainsley grumbled. "This this is so dumb. I'm 23 fucking years old!"

In her peripheral vision, Ainsley noticed Mom silently grabbing something out of the kitchen, and only felt more livid. It was like Mom and Dad were pretending she wasn't even here.

Sure, she shouldn't have thrown that stupid controller. But why did they have to insist on spanking her in the first place? "I'm 23, there has to be something better..."

Ainsley took a deep breath. "I'm *never* getting another one!"

Yes deep down, she knew that as long as she was living at home, spankings were baked into the cake. But what could she do? She'd move out now, but...the economy sucked. Her last job had sucked too. Quitting it had felt great at the time, but would it be better to put up with shit at work so she didn't have to live at home and get spanked? She'd need something better than minimum wage just to afford monthly rent.

Ainsley checked the clock. Half an hour until bedtime. She didn't get timeouts that often, so there weren't as many set rules governing them. She knew exactly what to expect if she got out early, and although Mom and Dad were not bothering to watch her closely, the door to the living room and kitchen were wide open. There was no point volunteering for another spanking today.

Ainsley tried to think of any way to convince her parents to stop spanking her in the meantime. The last "I'm too old for a bare-bottom spanking" discussion had gone spectacularly wrong. If only she could remember to follow all the rules, she knew her butt would be in the clear. "Okay...getting hot with mom and throwing the controller was a bit of an overreaction...But Mom didn't have to unplug my game, either!"

Ainsley felt a tight knot in her stomach, like a ball of snakes crawling over each other. She tried to give names to each snake...Anger, sadness, remorse, resentment.

Ainsley tried to think about how to avoid spankings. She asked herself how Mom's feelings, and Daddy's feelings. "...Do they really hate spanking me? Because they sure do it without hesitation."

Ainsley tried to shift in her seat again. This time, she tried planting her feet on the ground and resting on her elbows, sort of hovering her butt just above the seat cushion. "Why does this still happen? I'm 23! Let's talk it out...Why did I throw the stupid headset? Why did Mom even turn it off? She could have waited five minutes, so I could go and do it."

Finally, Ainsley settled back down into her chair and folded her hands on her lap, remembering the paddling keenly as she felt the lingering welts. "Daddy didn't need to do a second one. That shit was dumb. My ass hurts...Can I still go out this weekend, and not have everyone know?"

One of her friends was already aware of Ainsley's spankings, and Ainsley hadn't told her. She had heard the story from her parents, which could only mean that Ainsley's spankings were a topic of conversation amongst her parents' friend circle. Didn't they care what her friends thought of her?

As the clock rang 10 o'clock, Dad appeared at the doorway. "You're free to get up." As she stood to face him, he handed her back her phone and kissed her on her forehead. "I love you, Ainsley."

Ainsley accepted the phone, and the kiss. She thought about the disappointed look on his face before the spanking.

Once she reached her room, Ainsley pulled down her pants and applied some arnica cream to relieve the lingering burn. The red marks still tingled as she pressed her fingers against them with a generous dollop of cream, so she applied it gingerly. She'd bought this for herself when she still had her last job, knowing full well it'd come in handy for more than just sunburns.

Still bare-bottomed, Ainsley lay on her tummy on her bed, hugging a pillow.

Remembering how she'd wanted to write a post about her day, before the spanking had derailed everything, Ainsley pulled out her phone and logged onto *Quora*. The forum was filled with people sharing and arguing about their memories and experiences with corporal punishment. Plenty of people were surprisingly open, and detailed. Ainsley typed an update on the space she had created: "Life lessons from a spanked 20 something female: Spankings And other lessons learned from my 22 years on this planet."

Ainsley finished the post and sank into her pillow. She knew there were weirdos reading her posts for kicks and giggles. But maybe she would hear some encouragement, or some actual advice from someone who'd been through similar shit.

She had known what the rules were. Maybe, one day, she would reach the point where she'd outgrown spankings. She could only hope that day was coming soon.

The End